

THE

Eng. Poetry vol 49.

I D E A:

A

PANEGYRIC

ON

HER MAJESTY.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Viamque affectat Olympo.

VIRG. GEORG. IV.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by W. HAY, Printer and Bookseller, next
to the SOCIETY of ARTISTS' Exhibition-hall, near EXETER
EXCHANGE, STRAND.

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DEDICATION.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT Lord Viscount CLARE.

MY LORD,

A Mind, so distinguished for Benevolence as your Lordship's, will not refuse it's Influence, when Humanity invites to the Concession. "To protect Impotence," is an Action worthy being numbered among the many Virtues that dignify Your Lordship's Character. In such Predicament, I beg Leave to solicit Your Lordship's Patronage to this little Performance. If the Effect, deduced from so great a Cause, had any Measure been equal to it's Importance, I would be more bold to request, and Your Lordship,

DEDICATION.

Lordship, probably, more willing in acceding to, a Compliance. However with you, My Lord, it is expected, in so amiable a Cause, the Design will supply the Deficiency of the Requisites, otherwise necessary, to induce Your Lordship's Presidence; whereon relying, your excellent Judgement in a literary as well as political Department, (tho', in other Cases, a Circumstance that may retard,) will not prevent my submitting *these* Lines to Your Lordship's Protection: And, tho' the Writer be unknown it is hoped it may not be a Mean of their Exclusion from Your Lordship's Attention.

I am,

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Very humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

I D E A:

A P A N E G Y R I C

ON

H E R M A J E S T Y.

BLESS'D be that royal Mind, which feels the Art
 To sooth Distress, and ease the tortur'd Heart;
 Who makes her People's Bliss her darling Care,
 And feeds the Morals of her blooming HEIR:
 Whose Fondness cheers her regal Consort's Zeal,
 Warm for the Safety of the Common-weal!

C

Who

Who lives but to redress, reform, revive,
And show the World, that Virtue's still alive;
Active in ev'ry Worth, each Art t' inspire,
To fill the Poet's, and the Painter's Fire;
Mirroure of ev'ry Good, whose heavenly Way
Instructs the World, how Angels act and say."
Thus spoke I,——distant then from British Land,
Reclin'd on fair Hibernia's fertile Strand;
Musing on human Good,——by all unseen,
When Fancy prompts,——"*I'll sail, and praise my Queen,*
On Wings of Hope, my ardent Soul aspir'd,
While rising Transports every Feeling fir'd.
Th' inspiring Passion o'er my Senses wrought,
And Joys, prospective, open'd on my Thought:
Led on by Fancy's never-ceasing Ray,
Thro' each opposing Cause, I urge my Way;
Ideas, fruitful of far distant Joy,
Each growing Wish, and anxious Care employ.
Wand'ring, along the transient Maze, I sing
Th' exalted Merit of my Queen, and King!
(Progress successive, in a Cause divine;)
The royal Sanction seem'd to bless the Line;

Will Reason, forcing thro' the airy Field,
The vain illusive Images expell'd.
North from it's hoary Cell, me thought, it broke,
And thus it's friendly Counsel kindly spoke.

“ O Youth! what foolish Frenzy fills thy Brain?
To think a Queen should like thy slender Strain,
A Queen, immortal by her People's Praise,
By Orphans Prayers, and by Poets' Lays;
(Poets unlike to you, whose learned Name
Transmit her sacred to eternal Fame:)

A Queen, the Honour of her native Clime,
Pride of her Reign, and Glory of her Time.
Whose Worth approves her high illustrious Race,
Where each angelic Virtue we can trace.

Dar'st thou! to name her, in thy feeble Song,
Or think'st thy Lay her Praises may prolong?
Unfit art thou to act so great a Scene;
Unfit t' increase the Fame of Britain's Queen.

Content you, — nor assume so bold a Sphere,
Hard is the Task to please a royal Ear.”

Thus

Thus Reason, in persuasive Accent, cries,
And Fancy, ever wakeful, thus replies:
“ Loose not the pleasing Purpose, nor despair,
“ In Apprehension's mean, ungen'rous Care;
“ (Immod'rate Caution's oft the Source of Woe,
“ And causeless Dread becomes a bitter Foe;)
“ The gracious Project still reserve in View,
“ And, firm of Heart, th' enobling Plan pursue;
“ Nor fear but she'll accept th' advent'ring Lay,
“ (A bold and brave Attempt oft wins the Day,)
“ Kind to each growing Good, her grateful Mind
“ Extends it's Influence, o'er Human Kind.
“ Nought worth Applause evades her judging Hand,
“ But sheds it's Blessings over Sea and Land.”

Thus Fancy, in attractive Manner, said,
And, Reason bending, soon a Conquest made;
Inform'd by both, on eager Wing I came,
To tune a Voice in royal *Charlotte's* Name;
With modest Warmth to join the Laurel Throng,
And, thro' her Actions, sanctify my Song:

To tell the World how strong my Wishes press,
The glorious great Occasion to express.

70

How blest'd the Hour! when to Great Albion's Plain
British Bark convey'd her o'er the Main,
The raging Winds grew calm, the roaring Flood
More placid mov'd beneath the sacred Load.
Nature seem'd careful to fulfil the Gale,
And ev'ry Element advanc'd the Sail.

75

In Haste to meet, her ardent Confort flies,
Joy in his Heart, and Gladness in his Eyes;
Each springing With of Love's refin'd Alarms
And, in equal Fondness finds, within her Arms.
Upon, in magestic Pomp, the Train of State,
(With Angels hov'ring o'er,) the League compleat,
The common Cry, a Nations Joy confess,
Unerring Type of future Happiness!"

80

O! would th' unwilling Muse exalt my Lays,
Numbers equal to resound her Praise;
Sustaining Aid, but animate my Verse,
With Power her various Virtues to rehearse:

85

D

Then

Then would I treat her as her Monarch's Wife,
The Blifs, Delight, and Comfort of his Life:
Blest with each loving Art, each sacred Charm,
To please his Soul, and every Sense to warm;
When wearied with a Care for ev'ry Part,
T'infuse the Balm of Sweetness in his Heart.
Relax'd from anxious Toils of Publick Worth,
Her Angel Softness cheers him into Myrth.

Next would I paint her in a heav'nly Sphere,
As tender Mother of her youthful Care;
Whom ev'ry Grace and early Good adorn,
Fair as the blooming Blushes of the Morn:
Illustrious Flock! where Heaven's own Favours shine,
(To bless the People with their Monarch's Line;)
Then would I paint each Movement of her Face,
And tell her Acts, to serve her growing Race.
Whether she guards from all opposing Ill,
Or to Religion binds their Infant Will;
Directing each to this celestial Love,
"Of Man below, and of their God above!"

Train'd by her Hand, the Earnest of Renown
appears, the Heir of fam'd Britannia's Crown; 110
Design'd by Heaven the coming Age to bless,
To rule with Peace, and lenify Distress:
Whose royal Manners every Bosom please,
Whose rip'ning Virtues promise publick Ease:
The early, yet the strenuous Friend of Truth, 115
Wife, "as a Prince," and sprightly, "as a Youth!"

Then would I show her in a gentle Scene,
The loving Sister in the gracious Queen:
Inflam'd with all those Passions we admire,
Parental Fondness swelling every Fire! 120
Intent alike the Suff'ring to defend,
Protect the Poor, or Shameless to amend;
Intent alike in every moral Cause,
And thus obtains the World's deserv'd Applause!

Next would I view her 'mid the Choir of State, 125
Where Monarchs, mighty Peers, and Princes Wait,
Where

Where mildest Manners guild th' exalted Stage,
And soon th' admiring Hearts of all engage.
Gentle, sedate, and calm, she moves along,
Delight, and Darling, of th' illustrious Throng!
Supreme alike, in every Art to please,
In ev'ry Art that human Honours raise;
Supreme alike, where'er the Virtues tend,
As Wife, or Mother, Sister, Queen, or Friend!
Supreme alike, in ev'ry moral Scene,
Religious, noble, gen'rous, and serene!
Like—what?—Imagine! or her Picture tell,
Or fly to Heaven to find her Parallel!
There, some bright Saint that led a Life of Good,
And now the fav'rite Seraph of a God.

Thus, whilst each Object seems her Blifs to prove,
She's happier in the Monarch of her Love.

Imperial Chief! in ev'ry Action great,
The pious Guardian of our mighty State!
In whom the Virtues of his Fathers ran,
In either Name, as Monarch, or as Man!

As Monarch, to support the Publick Cause,
Preserve her Rights, and rectify her Laws.
Careful, abroad, her Honour to defend,
Careful, at Home, her Vices to amend. 150
13 Abroad, to rule the Sovereign of the Main,
At Home, her Arts and Glories to maintain.
Active, thro' every Mean, to ease th' oppress'd;
That ev'ry suffering Party be redress'd.
What tho' a stubborn Set, of late, arose, 155
13 Britannia's antient Power to oppose;
Ungrateful Crowd! by Frenzy's Fire led forth,
Unkind, and senseless, to a Monarch's Worth.
Forgetful of Britannia's Parent Care,
America would rush on barb'rous War. 160
14 Unforc'd may She her impious State survey,
, Submiss adore the Laws, and penitent obey.)

As Man, of Honour spotless, Heart sincere;
As Comfort, Father, Friend, or Monarch, dear!
With every social Feeling, form'd to please; 165
14 Endow'd with Wisdom, Dignity, and Ease.

E

Humane

16
Humane and graceful, with a Soul design'd
T'advance the Good and Blessing of Mankind.
With whom, each Glory does on Britain Smile,
And Seraph-colour'd Peace salutes her Isle. 17
Intent to serve the Poor, the Wretch relieve;
Or, like a God, condemn; or, like a God, forgive!
Eager to patronize each rising Art,
To shine in every great and manly Part.
The Muses too partake of his Reward, 17
The Muses feel their Monarch's kind Regard.
AUGUSTUS like, he lifts the Poet's Wing,
Did but a MARO live, his Fame to sing!

Thus, if my Genius equall'd the Design,
I'd tell the Virtues of the Royal Line, 18
Succeeding Times should CHARLOTTE's Name adore,
And ev'ry Page with Pleasure be read o'er.
Her Monarch's various worth should be made seen:
Nought more than praise her King, would charm the
Queen.

Ev'n now, should She vouchsafe the Lay to hear, 18
Unhonour'd I'd assume the high Career:

Beneath

neath the Banner of her gracious Name,
te, attempt th' unfriendly Field of Fame.
r longer, in imperfect Numbers, write;
-17? inclining Muse would take a nobler Flight:
good a Cause would swell each rising Line,
d *her great Name* illure the Favour of the Nine,

190

F I N I S.

neath the Banner of her gracious Name,
 te, attempt the unholy Field of Fame,
 longer, in unbroken Numbers, write;
 1900 Inching Mole would take a nobler Flight:
 good a Cause would swell each rising Line,
 I her great Name illustrious out of the Mine.



F I N I S